

THE
PASSIONATE
PILGRIME.

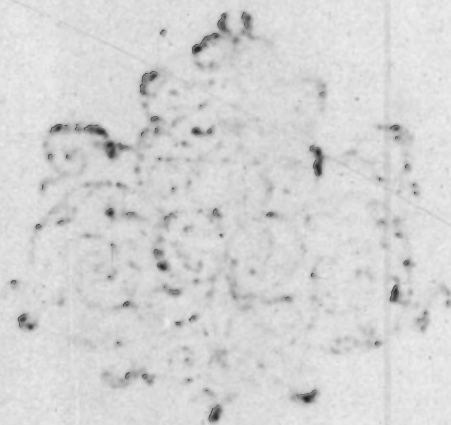
By W. Shakespeare.



AT LONDON
Printed for W. Iaggard, and are
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-
hound in Paules Churchyard.

1599.

1941



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

2974



When my Loue swears that she is made of truth,
I doe beleue her (though I know she lies)
That she might thinke me some vntutor'd youth,
Vnskilfull in the worlds false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my yeares be past the best:
I smiling, credite her false speaking tounge,
Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill rest.
But wherefore sayes my Loue that she is young?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O, Loues best habite is a soothing tounge,
And Age (in Loue) loues not to haue yeares told.
Therefore Ile lye with Loue, and Loue with me,
Since that our faults in Loue thus smother'd be.

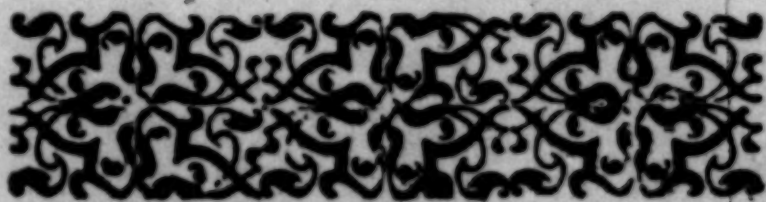
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Two Loues I haue, of Comfort, and Despaire,
That like two Spirits, do suggest me still:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worser spirite a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me soone to hell, my Female euill
Tempteth my better Angell from my side,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angell be turnde feend,
Suspect I may (yet not directly tell:
For being both to me : both, to each friend,
I ghesse one Angell in anothers hell:
The truth I shall not know, but liue in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out,

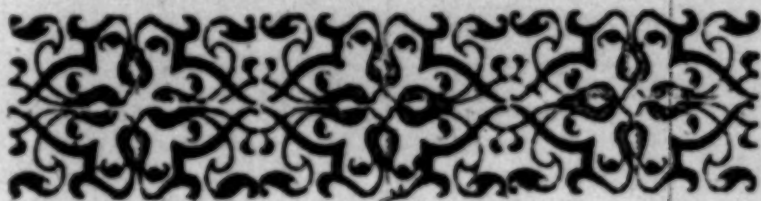
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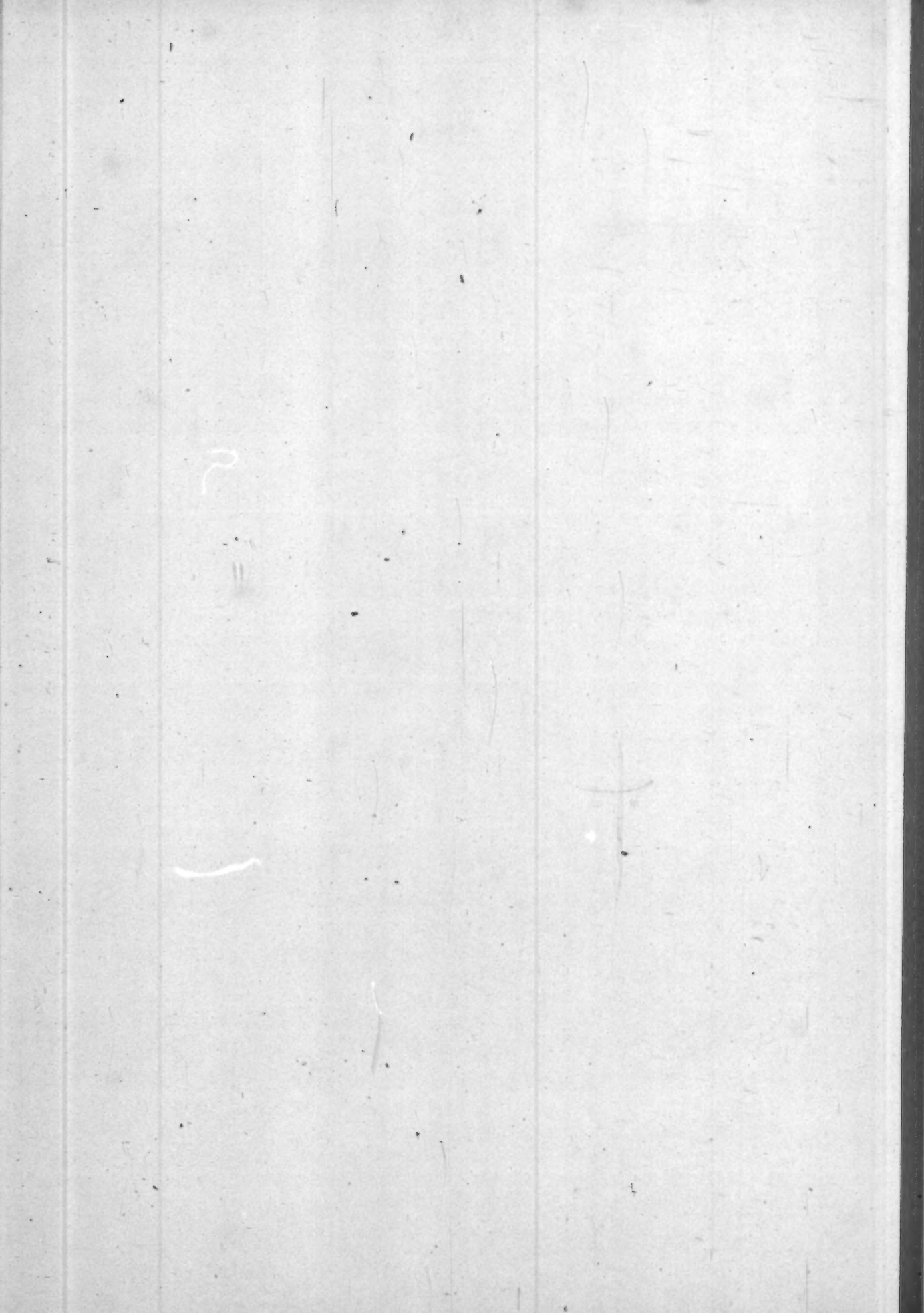




DId not the heauenly Rhetorike of thine eie,
Gainst whom the world could not hold argumēt,
Perswade my hart to this false periurie :
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
A woman I forswore : but I will proue
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee :
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly loue,
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is :
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

 If by me broke, what foole is not so wise
 To breake an Oath, to win a Paradise ?





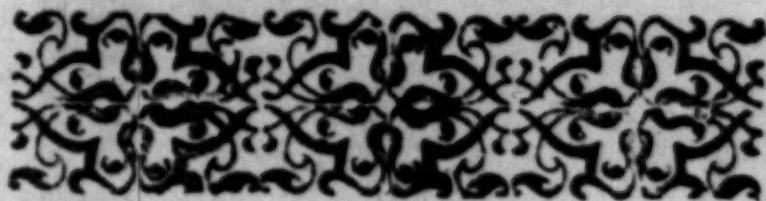


Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, louely, fresh and Greene,
Did court the Lad with many a louely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen,
She told him stories, to delight his cares :
She shew'd him fauors, to allure his eie :
To win his hart, she toucht him here and there,
Touches so soft still conquer chastitie,
But whether vnripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refusde to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But smile, and ieast, at euery gentle offer :
Then fell she on her backe, faire queen, & toward
He rose and ran away, ah foole too froward.



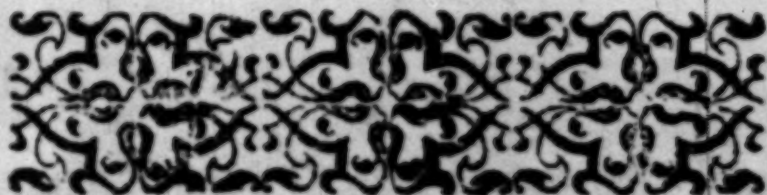


IF Loue make me forsworn, how shal I swere to loue?
O, neuer faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile constant proue,
those thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Ofiers bowed,
Studdy his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes,
where all those pleasures liue, that Art can comprehend:
It knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:
Wel learned is that tounge that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admyre:
Thine eye loues lightning seems, thy voice his dreadfull
which (not to anger bent) is musick & sweet fire (thunder
Celestiall as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:
To sing heauens praise, with such an earthly tounge.





Scarfe had the Sunne dride vp the deawy morne,
And scarfe the heard gone to the hedge for shade:
When Cytherea (all in Loue forlorne)
A longing tariance for Adonis made
Vnder an Oſyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where Adon vsde to coole his spleene:
Hot was the day, ſhe hotter that did looke
For his approach, that often there had beene.
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And ſtood ſtarke naked on the brookes greene brim:
The Sunne look't on the world with glorious eie,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this Queene on him:
He ſpying her, bounſt in (whereas he ſtood)
Oh I o v e (quoth ſhe) why was not I a flood?





FAire is my loue, but not so faire as fickle.

Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor trustie,
Brighter then glasse, and yet as glasse is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rusty :

A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deiace her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she ioyned,
Betweene each kisse her othes of true loue swearing:
How many tales to please me hath she coyned,
Dreading my loue, the losse whereof still fearing,
Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were ieastring.

She burnt with loue, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out loue, as soone as straw out burneth:
She fram d the loue, and yet she foyle d the framing,
She bad loue last, and yet she tell a turning.
Was this a louer, or a Letcher whether
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

B





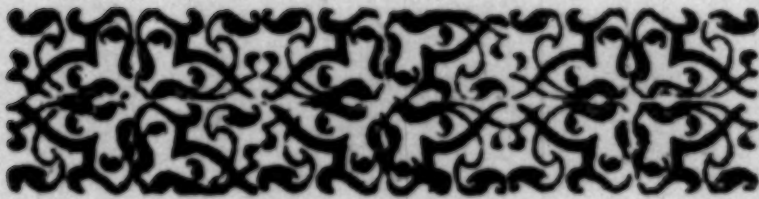
I F Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the brother)
Then must the loue be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lou'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whose heavenly touch
Vpon the Lute, dooth rauish humane sense:
Spenser to me, whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lou'st to heare the sweet melodious sound,
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Musicke) makes;
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselte to singing he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine.





FAire was the morne, when the faire Queene of loue,
Paler for sorrow then her milke white Doue,
For Adons sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes vpon a steepe vp hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She silly Queene, with more then loues good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

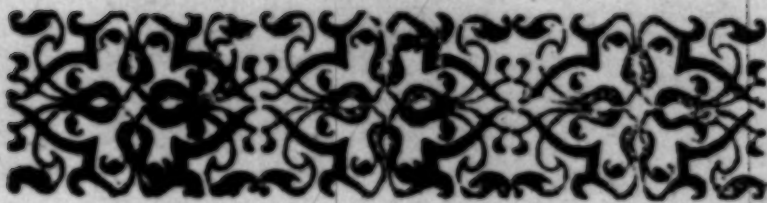
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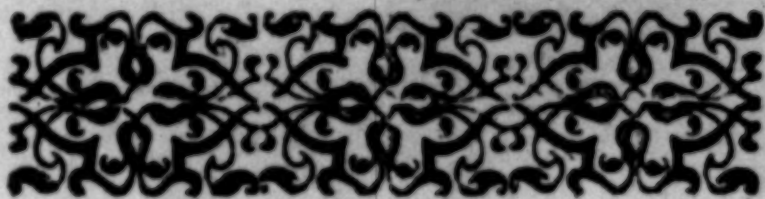
Sweet Rose, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, soon vaded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring.
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shaded,
Faire creature kilde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:
Like a greene plumbe that hangs vpon a tree:
And fals (through winde) before the fall should be.

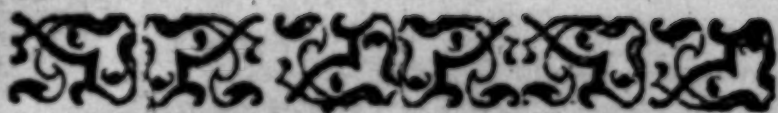
I weepe for thee, and yet no cause I haue,
For why: thou lets me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou lets me more then I did craue,
For why: I craued nothing of thee still:
O yes (deare friend I pardon craue of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.



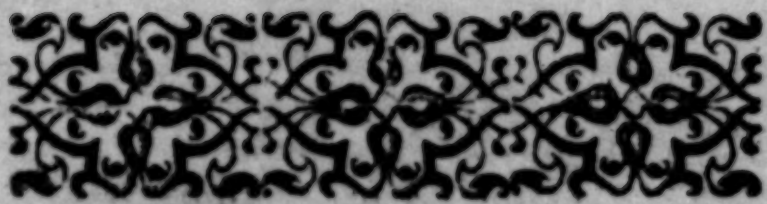


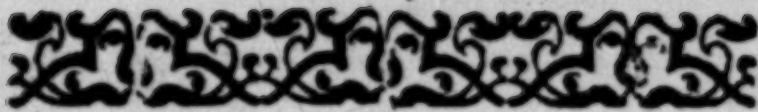
Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Vnder a Mirtle shade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him,
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac't me:
And then she clipt Adonis in her armes:
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlaç't me,
As if the boy should vse like louing charmes:
Euen thus (quoth she) he seized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kisse and clip me till I run away.





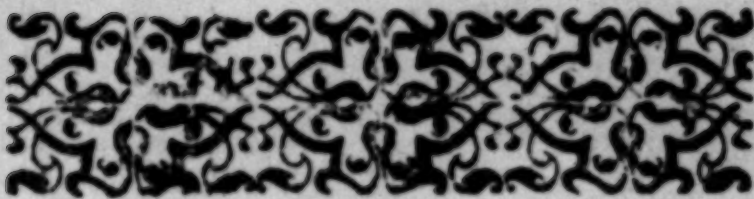
Crabbed age and youth cannot liue together,
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care,
Youth like summer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer braue, Age like winter bare,
Youth is full of sport, Ages breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my loue my loue is young:
Age I doe defie thee. Oh sweet Shepheard hie thee:
For me thinks thou staies too long.





BEaury is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A shining glosse, that vadeth sodainly,
A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud,
A brittle glasse, that s broken preiently.
A doubtfull good, a glosse, a glasse, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods lost, are seld or netter found,
As vaded glosse no rubbing will refresh :
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glasse no symant can redresse.
So beauty blemisht once, for euer lost,
In spite of phisicke, painting, paine and cost.





Good night, good rest, ah neither be my share,
She bad good night, that kept my rest away,
And dast me to a cabben hangde with care:
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell (quoth she) and come againe to morrow
Fare well I could not, for I slypt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorne or friendship, nill I conster whether :
'T may be she ioyd to ieast at my exile,
'T may be againe, to make me wander thither.
Wander (a word) for shadowes like my selfe,
As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord





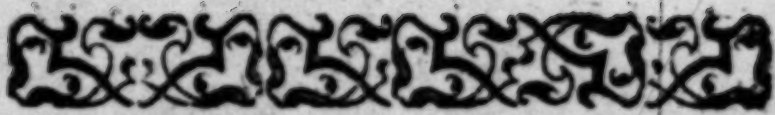
Lord how mine eies throw gazes to the East,
My hart doth charge the watch, the morning rise
Doth scite each mouing scence from idle rest,
Not daring trust the office of mine eies.

While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And with her layes were tuned like the lark.

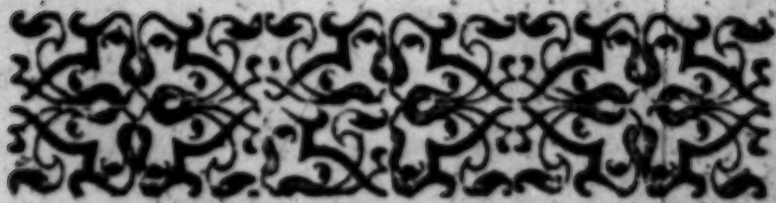
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditte,
And driues away darke dreaming night:
The night so packt, I post vnto my pretty,
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wished sight,
Sorrow changd to solace, and solace mixt with sorrow,
For why, she sight, and bad me come to morrow.

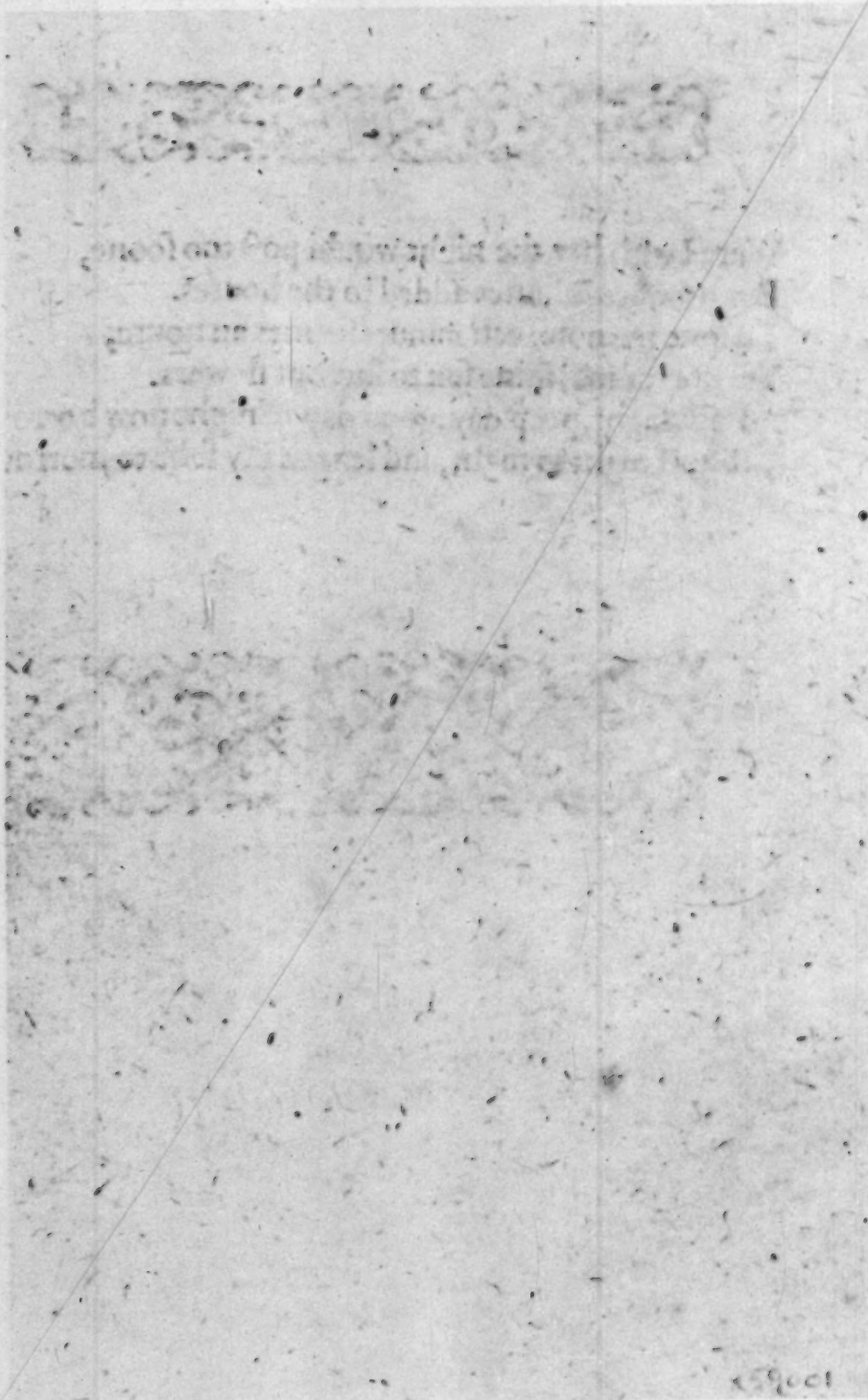
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Were I with her, the night would past too soone,
But now are minutes added to the houres:
To spite me now, ech minute seemes an houre,
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow
Short night to night, and length thy selfe to morrow





SONNETS

To sundry notes of Musicke.

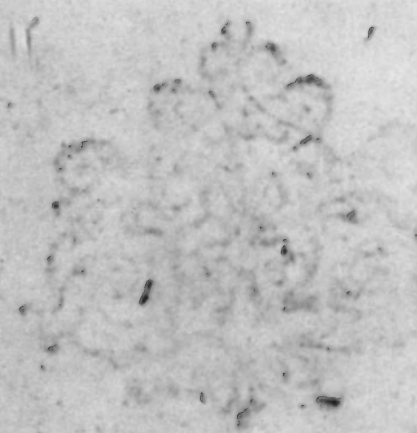


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1599.

STEVENS

To Lady's Wood of Mablethorpe



W. J. STEVENS

Printed for W. J. Stevens

at the W. J. Stevens

Printed and Published



IT was a Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three
That liked of her maister, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eie coul
Her fancie fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtfull, that loue with loue did
To leaue the maister loueleffe, or kill the gallant knight
To put in practise either, alas it was a spite
Vnto the silly damsell.

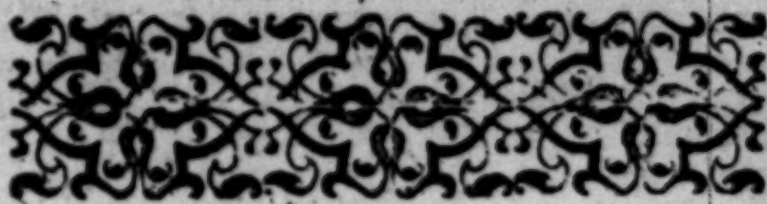
But one must be refused, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be vsed, to turne them both to gain
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with dis
Alas she could not helpe it.

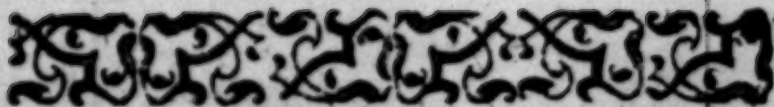
Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the day
Which by a gift of learning, did beare the mard away,
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my song is ended.





ON a day (alacke the day)
Loue whose month was euer May
Spied a blossome passing fair,
Playing in the wanton ayre,
Through the veluet leaues the wind
All vnseene gan passage find,
That the louer (sicke to death)
Wist himselfe the heauens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe
Ayre, would I might triumph so
But (alas) my hand hath sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
Vow (alacke) for your vnmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,
Thou for whome loue would sweare,
Iuno but an Ethiope were
And deny hymselfe for loue
Turning mortall for thy Loue.





MY flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams speed not, all is anis:
Loue is dying, Faithes defying,
Harts nenyng, causer of this,
All my merry ligges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies loue is lost (god wor)
Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
There a nay is plac't without remoue.
One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,
O frowning fortune cursed fickle dame,
For now I see, inconstancy,
More in wowed then in men remaine.





In blacke morne I, all feares scorne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
My shepheards pipe can sound no deale,
My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaid,
Plaies not at all but seemes afraid.

With sighes so deepe, procures to weepe,
In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight,
How sighes resound through hartles ground
Like a thousand vanquisht men in blodie fight.





Clear wels spring not, sweete birds sing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die,
Heards stands weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nimphes blacke peeping fearefully:
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore swaines:
All our merrie meetings on the plaines,
All our euening sport from vs is fled,
All our loue is lost, for loue is dead,
Farewell sweet loue thy like nere was,
For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,
Poore Coridon must liue alone,
Other helpe for him I see that there is none.





When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
And stalde the deare that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (partyall might)
Take counsell of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tounge with filed talke,
Least she some subtrill practise finell,
A Cripple soone can finde a halt,
But plainly say thou loust her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

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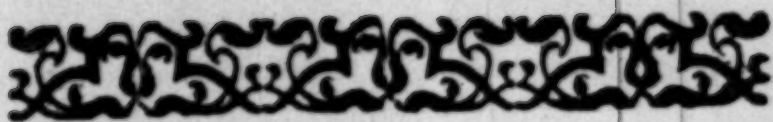




What though her frowning browes be bent
Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight.
And twice desire yer it be day,
That which with scorne she put away.

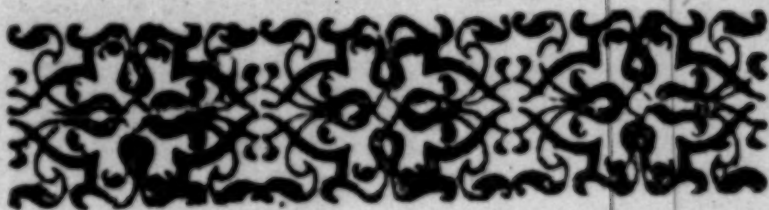
What though she striue to try her strength,
And ban and braule, and say the nay:
Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
Had women beene so strong as men
In faith you had not had it then.





And to her will frame all thy waies,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringiug in thy Ladies care,
The strongest castle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serue alwaies with assured trust,
And in thy lute be humble true,
Vnlesse thy Lady proue vniust,
Ptease neuer thou to chuse a new:
When time shall serue, be thou not slacke,
To proffer though she put thee back.

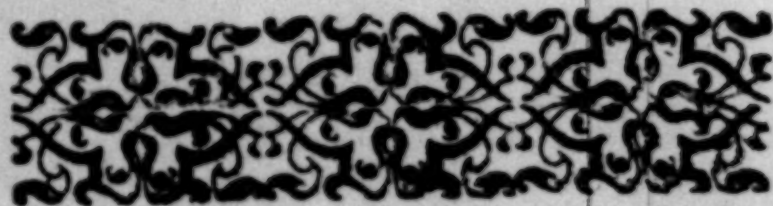


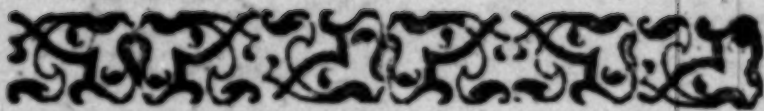


The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Dissembled with an outward shew:
The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads the shall not know,
Haue you not heard it said full oft,
A Womans nay doth stand for nought.

Thinke Women still to strue with men,
To sinne and neuer for to faint,
There is no heauen (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaine,
Were kisses all the ioyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I feare,
Least that my mistresse heare my song,
She will not stick to round me on th'are,
To teach my tounge to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To heare her secrets so bewraid.



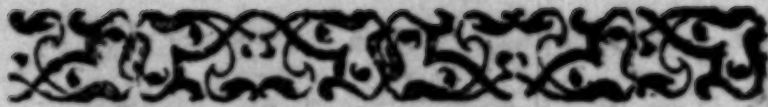


Loue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue.
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By shallow Riuers, by whose fals
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.



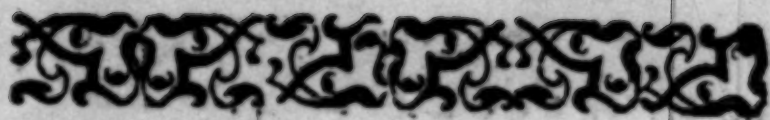


A belt of straw and Yuyebuds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Then liue with me, and be my Loue.

Loues answere.

If that the World and Loue were young,
And truth in euery shepheards tounge,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee and be thy Loue.



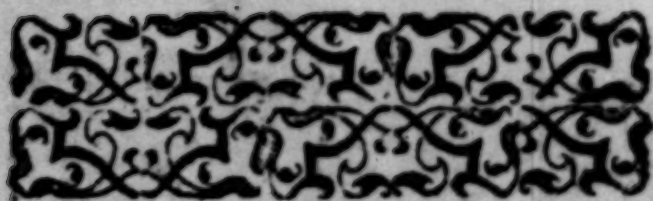


AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring:
Euery thing did banish mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone,
Shee(poore Bird)as all forlorne,
Leand her breast vp-till a thorne,
And there sung the dolefulst Ditty,
Thac to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:





That to heare her so complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraine:
For her griefes so liuely showne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah thought I)thou mournt in vaine,
None takes pittie on thy paine:
Senslesse Trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthlesse Beares, they will not cheere thee.
King Pandion, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe sing,
Carelesse of thy sorrowing.





Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
Thou and I, were both beguild.
Euery one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miserie:
Words are easie, like the wind,
Faithfull friends are hard to find:
Euery man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But if store of Crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with such-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King.





If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Women hee be bent,
They haue at Commaundement,
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that fawnd on him before,
Vse his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeede;
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou sorrow, he will weepe:
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:
Thus of euery griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.
These are certaine signes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.



